

## ADVERTISING RATES.

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TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.  
Two dollars a year to be paid at time of subscribing.  
One dollar for six months, do. do. do.  
ADVERTISING.  
Four square, 100 words, 25 cents.  
Back 25 cents.  
Three months, 300 words, 300 cents.  
Six months, 600 words, 600 cents.  
One year, 1200 words, 1200 cents.  
An individual candidate for office, money in advance, 100 cents.  
Transient advertisements to be paid for in advance, 10 cents.  
Yearly, do. Quarterly, do.  
A liberal discount made on yearly advertisements long as they are square.

A. J. MORSEY Proprietor.

## THE CYNTHIANA NEWS

DEVOTED TO POLITICS, NEWS, LITERATURE, EDUCATION, &amp;c.

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NUMBER 40.

## The Maiden's Wish.

BY J. C. JOUET.

Down upon the sea, the sounding sea,  
A maiden fair sang merrily,  
And the sound of her song, as it fell o'er the  
waves,  
Was joined by the echoes of ocean's caves—  
Blithely in ecstasy soft and sweet,  
As the maiden fair bathed her rosy feet.

She sang of hopes so pure and bright,  
That the sun, as he crossed her path with light,  
Seemed like a halo around her thrown  
By the hand of an angel earthward flown,  
Singing on, in her girlish glee,  
To the echo which came from the restless sea.

"Old golden and bright is this earthen," she said,  
"And life has such bright tints o'er us laid,  
That I would ever a maiden be,  
Living life's hours fairest,  
With none other trouble or weary care  
But to sing gay songs and to braid my hair."

But the maiden fair not long shall sing—  
Fate o'er her form doth shadows fling;  
For the young pure heart unguarded lies,  
And love aims arrows through her bright eyes,  
And ere long shall stand 'neath the trysting tree,  
While her beating heart sighs sorrowfully.

Oh! maiden, maiden! the earth is fair—  
When we only the joys of childhood share,  
But sweeter, far sweeter, will its hours be  
When our hearts beat quick 'neath the green-  
wood tree,  
As the trusting soul breathes in new life,  
Which the world cannot darken with ill its strife.

The love, the love, which makes this earth  
So bright and fair, is of heavenly birth.  
And the mystic essence which in us glows  
Must something find to still its throb—  
It would seek some heart wherein to lie;  
And, finding it not, will droop and die.

By its magic power this earth will seem  
Bathed in the hues of some fairy dream;  
Without it, alas! how blank and bare,  
How teeming with sorrow and wasting care;  
Then gentle maiden, let pure love be,  
The pearl thou seekest by the restless sea.

## Ode to Lamb.

Hand-quarters of the type of innocence,  
Whether with pees and mint I must dispense,  
Or go the twain, blaspheming the expense—  
And thus enjoy thee in the fullest sense,  
That is the question.

Rear section of young mutton, tender food,  
Just in the down of grassed juicy hood,  
Dainties like these should not be served up nude,  
But graced with all the trimmings understood  
To help digestion.

Incipient sheepheat, when on the 1st dine,  
Hot be the plates and icy cold the wine;  
Three slices midway of the leg be mine,  
Then put the rest away—for very fine  
Is cold roast lamp.

FAMILY LIFE IN GERMANY.—The publishers of the Philadelphia North American have the very best of foreign correspondents. We frequently make extracts from their letters. Here is one about family life in Germany; very good that, but the cooking and eating we don't think we could stand.

"To pass from politics to family life, I am now enjoying good opportunities of studying the latter in Germany, being snugly ensconced in a genuine good German family, and seeing a good deal of it in little entertainments. One of the first things which strikes an American, is the great importance which the whole business of eating assumes in a German household. Instead of three meals, one must here eat at least five or six times a day. In the family in which I am making my home, every one drinks coffee with bread soon after rising in the morning, then takes a lunch at about eleven, a regular dinner at one, bread and coffee again at half-past three, a slice of bread and butter or a cake at six, and a supper at eight o'clock. Apples and bread are always on hand for such as find themselves an hungered between these meals. In the cooking one also notices striking peculiarities. What would be thought in America of fish stewed in beer, of tongue boiled with raisin sauce, blood sausages, cold potatoes dressed with oil and vinegar, chocolate soups, and other soups sweetened, of rum poured into cups of tea to destroy their medicinal effect, of ham eaten raw, of cold sausages as the most elegant ornaments of a tea-table, &c. &c. The amount of pork consumed, particularly in the way of sausages, (to adopt the charitable supposition that the sausages are actually made of pork) is something perfectly awful. I hardly know a country whose cuisine has so decided a national character as the German. With all its peculiarities, it extorts on the whole, a favorable verdict from most strangers. The Germans are fond of good eating, and they know how to make their viands toothsome. As may be easily imagined, the preparations for eating occupy a good portion of the German housewife's time. She is emphatically a stayer-at-home; she mends the clothes, she knits and sews, she attends with a quiet smile to the conversation of the lords of creation, encourages the children at study over their books, and listens with pleasure to their musical performances. Worthy of respect indeed is the German woman; and an American could only wish that the same deference and attention were always paid her in society which her sisters in our own country receive. Cheerfulness reigns ever in a German home. The vivacity of the

French may be wanting, the liveliness wit of the American; but placid contentment, honest pleasure in little things, mark the course of each day's life.

(From the London Globe, August 10, 1855.)

**The Pope Brushing Up His Thunder.**—*Communiste King and Minister of Sardinian, &c.*

It might have been thought that the Infallible Father of the Infallible Church, who had proclaimed to all Christendom his egregious exultation in having decreed a new Article of Faith in this nineteenth century, must have laid in a stock of ghostly solace and gratulation sufficient to last his time, and might have sung his "Numi nimis," in sublime independence of all sublunary contingencies.

Much to our concern, however, Pope Pius's soul, he tells us, is "desolated with incredible anguish." What is still more lamentable is, that the Holy Father finds himself compelled to do violence to "that mansuetude and mildness, which," he acquaints us, "he derives from nature itself, and to arm himself with that severity which," he further acquaints us, "his paternal heart holds in honor."

"Spain, Switzerland, Piedmont, have constrained Pope Pius to put forth 'the Apostolic severity.' His Sardinian Majesty and his Ministers are formally declared to have incurred 'the greater excommunication and the other ecclesiastical censures and penalties inflicted by the Sacred Canons, the Apostolic Constitutions, the General Councils, and above all, the Holy Council of Trent.'

The Pope is too gallant a man to go quite so far against Queen Isabella at present, and therefore contents himself with reprobating and abrogating the recent constitutional laws of that country, and declaring them null and of none effect, so far as they pretend to regulate ecclesiastical property or deprive the Church of its "power and liberty" to engage in active persecution of members of any other communion who exist in Spain.

As regards Switzerland, his Holiness is too much distressed at all that is going on there, to unburden himself in detail of his griefs against that country; but he means to hold another allocution to the Secret Consistory on that subject—Spain and Piedmont supply that lamentable subject matter for the two allocations now given to the world.

The reader will ask what are they all about? Why, about the law suppressing the greater number of monastic orders in Piedmont, and that recently passed in Spain, abolishing the tenure of property in mortmain, and substituting the public funds for land as the source of ecclesiastical revenues.

In short, as General Zalava, the Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs, tells his Holiness very plainly in answer to his present remonstrances, the main dispute is about a MATTER OF MONEY. "The Queen's Government," writes the Minister, "cannot forbear from expressing the profound concern with which, animated as it is, by sincerely Catholic dispositions, it sees the Holy See engaged in a struggle in which—even granting all its allegations—nothing is in question but material and mundane interests."

We shall not, of course, enter into the argument between the Pope and the General as to the right sense of the Concordat of 1851. The latter, indeed, cuts that question short, in a style which might suggest matter for reflection to his Holiness, by saying, that, "at the point things have now reached—at the height which the question must now be treated—it matters little whether the terms of the article of the Concordat in question should be understood in one way or

another." This is a slight intimation to Pius IX that he is not living in the age of Gregory VII. His Holiness, however, is in his altitudes also, and insists that the Concordat definitely established that the Catholic religion "should continue to be the only religion of the Spanish nation, to the exclusion of every other worship, and that the church should always retain the uses of her primitive right to acquire new property, held by whatever title or tenure, and that this right of property in the church should be inviolable, not only for what it then possessed, but for what it might acquire thereafter."

As regards the matter of money, which is the really substantial part of the grievance, General Zalava replies that the church is only included in the rule now established against the tenure of property in mortmain, and has no right to complain that it is included in that general rule, which admits no exceptions, ecclesiastical or secular.

With regard to the alleged infringement of the rights of the Catholic religion as the sole religion of Spain, the Minister points out that no other form of public worship is permitted. The liberty of the church then, one would think, remained intact—even to the extent that no other church but herself enjoys a vestige of it.

This is not enough however for a church which has had an Inquisition at its orders. Throughout these allocations the LIBERTY and POWER of the church are always coupled. Do you call the church free, remonstrates his Holiness, where she may not persecute heretics in society which her sisters in our own country receive. Cheerfulness reigns ever in their own hearts, as well as interdict their altars?

Instances of Pupil Eloquence.

In the life of John Flavel, a renowned dissenting preacher of England, it is said "one of those omens, which are supposed to announce future eminence, accompanied his birth. A pair of nightingales made their nest on the window of the chamber of his mother, and with their delicious notes sang the birth of him, whose tongue sweetly proclaimed the glad tidings which gave songs to the night." I cannot say that the oratorical distinction of John C. Burris was predestined by any such incident, but has seldom been my fortune to hear a more melifluous and sedative speaker. In very early life, a student in Washington city, I heard the famous Summerfield, a young Methodist itinerant. His face and form were of womanly, almost angelic beauty. A divine lustre beamed from his eyes. His clear, full, sonorous voice, fell like the tones of a mountain bell, one moment, and anon, came crashing, thundering down, with terrible effect on the startled masses, forcing them to cry aloud and crowd together, with uplifted arms, as though for shelter from an impending avalanche. His eloquence shone sin from its depths and dragged vice and fashion from their "pride of place." The sensation he produced was tremendous. Multitudes followed his footsteps. As a field preacher he towered alongside of Whitefield; but he soon went down to the grave, consumed by his own fire, and called to a higher sphere for some inscrutable purpose.

It is related of Bossuet, that when he was paying attention to the girls, he could not raise courage enough to pop the question, though he tried to do so a dozen times, and would have been a lonely, cadaverous, dispirited, seedy old "batch," troubled with the blues and hypochondriasis, had not his adorable come to the rescue. For the benefit of throbbed hearts sighing in the bowers of love, and done up in dimity, we tell the secret as it was told to us. Mrs. R.—invited him to dinner, and, of course, to dinner he went. The great things were all dished up, and the party drew around the table. Mrs. R.—hastened to do the agreeable, and all went nicely until the last course, when Jollybones noticed his angel missed something. "Pray, dear, what shall I help you to?" said Jollybones. "I really don't know," then glancing towards the head of the table, she added, "mother, do you think a little marriage ceremony would hurt me?" But, before Jollybones had turned his eyes towards "mother," she had arisen and was going to the kitchen for another pot of tea. That night the marriage ceremony was dished up to the mutual satisfaction of all parties.

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## Governor Morehead's Inaugural ADDRESS!

FELLOW CITIZENS: Having been officially notified of my election as chief magistrate of this Commonwealth, and standing before you, with the kind and flattering introduction of my honored and distinguished predecessor, to take the oath of office prescribed by the constitution, I avail myself of the occasion to return my grateful acknowledgments for the honor conferred upon me, and to express the consciousness I feel of the weight of responsibility which it imposes. With a distrustful estimate of my qualifications for this high station, enhanced, as it is, by an anxious solicitude to meet the just expectations of an enlightened constituency, I feel that I may be allowed to ask in advance some portion of that public confidence in my patriotic intentions, so much of which has been merit and won by my predecessor; and at the same time fervently to invoke the blessing and aid of that Almighty Being who presides over the destinies of nations and of States, so to sustain and direct me in the path of duty I am appointed to pursue, as will best promote the happiness and enduring prosperity of our beloved Commonwealth.

In her Federal relations Kentucky has never ceased to look to the Union of the States, as the best and only security for their peace and happiness. She requires all her officers to take an oath to support the constitution of the United States. She feels that the only certain guaranty of liberty is a faithful and honest support of that sacred instrument in all its limitations as well as its grant of powers.

But I regret to say that old Santy's taking off, or taking himself off, finds a much better illustration in the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan.

"And the son joy his bated spirit knows,

In this forced flight, is—musing as he goes."

But he is gone let him rip; and as to those who would be, and are the victims, we must only pity them. Some who had made themselves particularly obnoxious by an overweening and unscrupulous zeal in carrying out the tyrant's behests, have taken refuge from popular vengeance on board the Orizaba, and you may be honored with the presence of several Guadaloupeans by this trip. If so, show them that you, barbarians, know how to sympathize with the unfortunate, and that political offences in other countries don't cling to men in the land that offers an asylum to such, and is in fact, as well as name, the abode of republican liberty. But I am getting ahead of my story.

In the capital, as soon as it was found that the General President had really taken French leave, there was the devil to pay. The ministry scattered like lost sheep, the mob gutted most of their houses, the Triumvirate left by Santa were deposed, the PLAN OF AYUTLA proclaimed, and General Carrera remains as Provisional President, with our old friend General La Vega as Commander-in-Chief.

The Great Evacuator embarked here without the protection of about 2,500 bayonets. But two days after his departure, one regiment (Tres Villas) of 700 or 800 men, revolted, killed one or two of their illustrious predecessors, having bolted and taken to the wild wood, and it is said, have joined La Llave, chief of the insurgents in these parts. Now, although the whole government here have gone over to the enemy and adopted the very plan the said insurgents were contending for, yet the patriot leader (late "Chief Rebel") above named, thinks the conversion was rather too sudden, and although he has been most politely invited to come in and fraternize, he says he'll send them d—d first; that some examples must be made, (and he is the boy to make 'em) as a terror to evildoers for the future. The populace here knowing this, and there being no lack of those vindictive feelings, naturally engendered by two or three years of tyranny, we are in a very pleasant predicament, and expect fine times the next few days.

Just before I sat down to write these hasty lines a regular shindy occurred among the troops composing the garrison. The battalions Novena (9th) and Segundo Ligero (24 Light Infantry) being a little on the "Red" in their proclivities, revolted, pitched into the only other regiment now remaining, (the Guias, or Guides,) who escorted old Santy down, got thrashed, and cut for the "Mountain." We had a precious row for a little while, barricading of doors, rattling of small arms, mingled with savage vivas, above all the shrill bugles. The affair was sharp, short and decisive, and but fifteen or twenty men killed and wounded. Order is now (10 P. M.) restored. The Guias, with their Spanish officers, hold the town. The country's safe; and it are a great country—the greatest kind of a country! I am tired, and, like "His Most Serene Ex-High-Mightiness," will go to my retiracy, hoping to wake up in the morning with a whole skin; but quoniam sibi!

Dios v LIBERTAD!

On! My DEAR DELTA! What will "Vindictor" say? What will "Pacifier" think? What will "Justice" dictate?—And what, oh! what will George L. Stevens, Esquire, do? For alas!—that I should live to pen the mournful intelligence—"His Most Serene Highness," Don Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, Great Grand Cross of the National and Distinguished Order of the Guadalupe, the Hero of a Hundred Fights, Head Devil of Greasers generally, etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., etc., has sloped, cut stick, ab-squatuated, mizzled and vamoosed the ranch beyond the shadow of a doubt! The eventful exodus happened on the 17th inst. On that eventful day—the 17th being hung with black—the Washington, the Napoleon, the Cincinnati of the West, having got all his plunder safely on board the squadron—politely informed his faithful followers and the illustrious people of this heroic city that they might go to h—ll and he would go to Havana. And, in fact, the last seen of him was a blue streak on the distant horizon.

The evacuation of the capital occurred on the 9th, the imperial, serene and magnificent autocrat boldly sallying forth for the purpose (grandiloquently announced) of putting down those dogs of rebels in Puebla. But no sooner was he safely outside of the capital than he streaked it hot-foot for Perote, where he dictated a formal straight shoot for this place. The last day's march of fifty miles was performed between daylight and dark. From every bush on the road mysterious voices could be heard, crying, (in pure Castilian,) "Go it, shrit-tail, they are after you"—and the old-tail knew his friends by a remark they made; he no go it with a looseness—they say an egg would have been safe on his coat-tails, they stuck out so straight behind. But the poor soldiers! In fact, a more forlorn, bedraggled and woe-begone looking set to grace a triumphal entry never were seen than the poor devils of soldiers composing the Imperial army. The reception was, of course, highly appropriate.

"But he comes! the Messiah of royalty comes! Like a goodly Leviathan swishing the waves, Then receive him as best such an advent becomes, With a legion of cooks and an army of slaves!" After thirty-six hours of repose the force was ended, and the tragedy began, of which more anon. Their most Serene Highnesses—he and she—being gone, a change came over the spirit of my life.

Farewell; and be assured of the eternal love of your companion and friend,

ANTONIO LOPEZ DE SANTA ANNA.

The soldiers filed off in silence after listening to this harangue, and passed

the palace, on the balcony of which Santa Anna was standing. There does not appear to have been any demonstration whatever; no enthusiasm was expended.

### MARRIED

On the 23d ult., by Elder Joseph Sipes, Mr. K. Clark to Miss Emily Taylor, all of Nicholas county.

On the same, by the same, Mr. M. Kenton to Miss Martha Barlow, all of Mt. Olivet.

On the 28th ult., by S. A. Whitaker, Esq., Mr. L. N. Rayless to Miss Elizabeth Jolly, all of Harrison county.

### DIED

On the 19th ult., of spasmodic croup, INFANT DAUGHTER of Tapley A. and Margaret J. Taylor, aged two months.

### SELECT Male and Female School.

The subscriber, having rented the large and comfortable house in which he resides, will respectfully inform his friends and the public generally, that his next session will commence on

Monday, 3rd, of September.

The course of instruction will be thorough and extensive, and the discipline will be rigid, as every boy and girl will be compelled to come. In the word "Select" above, he wishes it to be distinctly understood, that the School is to be "select," just so far as Moral worth is concerned, and that the school will be open to moral deportment, Instituted in every well-regulated School, for the good of all parties. The most eminent applicants will be admitted, and at all times the best and most eligible will be selected to receive a solemn obligation to act consecutively in the discharge of every reasonable regulation; otherwise, painful as the alternative may be, a diversity will be introduced into the school, towards the attainment of which, it is to be hoped, the subscriber will be enabled to tolerate a course of idleness in one or two instances, as happens only when surrounded by hasty, indolent pupils, the subscribers will gladly receive all such as are vicious by nature, and will endeavor to instruct them in the ways of their friends and a discriminating community. A hearty co-operation on the part of parents is all that is required to insure a successful and gratifying issue to the labors of the subscriber.

Persons are respectfully invited to call and examine Goods and prices.

If you would purchase a prime article of S. H. and Plantation Mlasses, in barrels and half barrels, at low figures, call on me, and I will give you a sample.

J. W. PECK.

### CANDLE MOULD.

A Superior article of Moulds for Moulding Candles, of Hard Britannia Metal, and warranted. Manufactured in Philadelphia.

W. H. C. KELLEY.

19 Race street, Philadelphia.

### CAUTION!

TO THOSE OF MY CUSTOMERS WHO HAVE BEEN WITH ME for an unanswerable length of time, I must notify, that I have been compelled to close my business on the 1st of August, 1835. Court and paying of my notes and accounts, they may expect to be waited upon by H. C. Ireland, Constable. Time is money, and I have not the opportunity to spend in idly dunning.

Aug. 21, 1835—4409 J. L. MAGEE.

### DRUGS.

Glass Jars, assorted sizes, on hand and for sale.

J. L. MAGEE, Dealer in Dry-Goods, Groceries, Hard-ware, &c.

19 Race street, Philadelphia.

### Lumber! Lumber!

WILLIAMS, having just erected a STEAM-SAW MILL, eight miles below Fallsburg, immediately on the Covington and Lexington Railroad, takes this method of informing the public that he is prepared to furnish by order every description of Lumber, (except Pine.) The following sizes are now in stock: 4x4, 4x6, 4x8, 4x10, 4x12 and SUGAR-TREE. All sizes can be made to suit purchasers, and his mill is so near the Railroad that the timber can be shipped to any port on the river.

He has hope for the sick recorded long ago, and every year adds new proof to the assurance that these promises still stand.

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# THE NEWS.

CYNTHIANA, KY.

THURSDAY, - - - SEPTEMBER 6.  
Gen. Cass - Know-Nothings - Abolitionists.

The "Great Michigander" has recently "written a letter," in which he pitches into the Know-Nothings, Abolitionists, &c., and gives them "particular thunder" generally. His denunciation of the American Party is a mere re-hash of anti-American newspaper articles, and is scarcely worth the paper it is written on. Gen. C.'s attempt to couple the American with the Abolition party, is, considering his former abolition sentiments, contemptible and rascally. Now, we agree with him in his lately published opinion of the Abolition party; but we really think he has been abusing that party to which he belongs—the abolition party. The "Sage of Detroit" has no doubt entirely forgotten the canvas of 1848, when, just on the eve of the Presidential election, he sent McClelland, (who is at present a member of Pierce's abolition-kitchen cabinet) away down to Davy Wilmot's district in Pennsylvania, in order to secure the kind co-operation of that gentleman, in securing the vote of that great State; in return for which General Cass pledged himself, should he be elected President, not to veto Wilmot's famous abolition proviso, in case it should be passed by Congress. Our readers have all heard of the Wilmot proviso, and they are also aware that David Wilmot belongs to the "Great National Democratic Party, whose principles are as eternal as eternity itself."—Vide small-fry democratic orators.

General Cass evidently has an "eye on" the Presidential chair. Ah, General, "circumstances over which you have no control," will prevent your ever having anything but an "eye on it."

We will publish without charge, every marriage and death that occurs in this county. Our reasons for not doing so heretofore, are, that we have not been furnished with either. We would cordially thank our friends if they will send in all the marriages and deaths that occur in this or the adjoining counties.

The Carlisle American, referring to the backing out of General McDougal, after the late ex-Governor Metcalfe accepted his challenge to fight a duel, says that "the gallant Carolinian offered an apology for backing out—that owing to his extreme delicacy, rifles were too heavy. Whereupon the chivalrous Governor, with all the courtesy that ever characterizes the true Kentuckian, offered him a 'rest,' but this mode of warfare not being laid down in the 'code,' the 'fire-eater' thought himself completely justified in 'crawfishing.'

## The Kentucky Statesman.

The Statesman, of last Friday, contains the valedictory of its late editor, Col. B. B. Taylor, who for six years past, has labored constantly, and has established the Statesman on a permanent basis. We regret that Col. T. has been compelled to take this step, and wherever his lot may be cast, our best wishes attend him. Politically, Col. Taylor has been one of the fairest and most honorable editors in Kentucky, and the Statesman enjoys a reputation for truth and fairness, not surpassed by many papers in the west. Personally, Col. Taylor is one of the most affable and clever gentlemen with whom we have ever been acquainted.

J. H. Johnson, Esq., late of the Frankfort Yeoman, succeeds Col. Taylor in the editorial conduct of the Statesman. Now, Johnson, although slightly erratic, has some good "pints"; he is made of a little fun, some sarcasm, a good deal of talent, and slightly—just a little bit—bony! He has our best wishes, and we hope he may get rich; but at the same time we hope he may never have cause to rejoice over a single political victory, as long as he remains in the ranks of the foreign legion.

The latest accounts from the fever infected districts of Virginia, represent the disease as abating somewhat, and that a plentiful supply of physicians and nurses had arrived, and were rendering efficient service.

## County Court.

Next Monday is the regular day for County-Court. We expect to see a big old crowd, as everybody now has plenty of money, (except us,) since such enormous quantities of wheat have been sold and sent off from this county, for which the money has been paid down. We have no doubt a large amount of money will change hands on that day, and we shall not object to take a little ourselves in liquidation of some small debts due us. Come in, everybody, and give us a call, and see a live Know-Nothing in a natural state.

## Passmore Williamson.

**Inauguration of Gov. Morehead.**  
The inauguration of Gov. Morehead took place at Frankfort, on Tuesday last. We are informed that the ceremonies were imposing and interesting. Ex-Governor Powell introduced Gov. M. to the audience in a very kind and flattering address, to which he replied in a happy manner. Senator Williams, of this county, who was present, has kindly furnished us with a copy of Gov. Morehead's inaugural address, which will be found in our paper of to-day.

## West House.

It will be seen in our advertising columns, that this popular hotel has passed into the hands of Mrs. Melinda Murphy. Mrs. M. is an experienced landlady, having been connected for some years with the above House, while under the management of her son-in-law, Mr. West. This is one of the best inferior hotels in Kentucky.

Mr. John S. Boyd, of this place, has left at our office, a tall beet, which was grown from seed sown last spring. It measures just seven feet from top to bottom. It is certainly some in the way of tall beets.

## Varney House.

The attention of the traveling public is invited to the advertisement of this fine hotel. Mr. Varney is a tip-top landlord, and the accommodations of the "Varney" are not surpassed by any hotel out of the large cities. The public may calculate on superb treatment if they call on Varney. He is an old hand at the business.

The Covington and Lexington Railroad has been doing an enormous business of late, both in freight and passengers. It is really glorious to see the long freight trains going down, and yet large quantities of grain and stock coming in from the country.

**OMNIS LINE.**—Mt. Silas Wolverton is still running his line of "busses" from the railroad depot at Lexington, to any part of the city. Mr. W. is a clever, accommodating gentleman, and employs none but the most careful drivers.

## John W. Ellis & Co., Cincinnati.

The attention of merchants is called to the advertisement of Messrs. John W. Ellis & Co., wholesale dealers in dry goods, 23 Pearl street, Cincinnati. This is an old house, and is justly celebrated for its fair dealing. Messrs. E. & Co., have

one of the largest stocks of goods in the western country, and we are confident that our business men could make it to their interest to give them a call.

**Scroobs.**—Three of our schools opened on Monday last, viz: Crutchfield's Page's, and Fuller's, and we learn with very good prospects. Cynthiana is an excellent place at which to get a thorough classic education, and that too on moderate terms.

Rev. G. S. Savage's Millersburg Male and Female Seminary also opened on Monday. Miss Serena Vanhook, of Cynthiana, is one of the teachers in this popular school.

The wheat crop of Col. B. McCormick, of Ralls county, Mo., yielded fifty-nine bushels to the acre!

**DEATH OF GEN. ARISTA.**—The British steamship Avon, which arrived at Southampton on the 13th of August, with the South American mails, brought the intelligence that Gen. Arista, ex-President of Mexico, en route from Cadiz to Southampton, died suddenly.

Every Know Nothing Lodge in Minnesota, save that at Stillwater, has disbanded.—Sag Nicht paper.

There are only two lodges in the whole territory—one at Stillwater and one at St. Paul, and so far from—but what's the use of denying anything, when we state that it appeared in a Sag Nicht paper?

There never was a better tempered party on earth than the Know-Nothing party.—Lou. Journal.

Very lamb-like, it must be confessed! He who does not believe it, especially since the late wanton and wholesale massacre of the Irish and Germans of this city, must be incredulous indeed.—Democrat.

Poor Harney! every time he sits down, that bullet reminds him of the election day, and he is ready to swear that all the shooting on that day was done by the Know Nothings. In his great fright, when he saw the burly Irishman level his blunderbuss upon him, he mistook Pat's "take that, ye bloody tief uv the world!" for the Know Nothing slogan, and when he felt the lead in his body, he imitated a certain General of the Mexican campaign—he fainted.

## Want vote for him.

What is the news from Russia? inquired one gentleman of another, yesterday, in our office.

"Nothing of much interest," replied the other, laying down the paper, "excepting that the Emperor has refused to treat."

"Well," put in an old-liner, in solid earnest, who happened to be present, "if that's so, d—d he'll git my vote, sure!"

The roar that followed may be more easily imagined than described.—Southern Ind. Journal.

## THE EASTERN WAR.

**Operations in the Baltic.**  
The announcement that the Allied Fleet in the Baltic had destroyed Sweaborg, was taken out by the Hermann, but the Canada brings subsequent details which modify the first accounts.

The following is the first dispatch on the subject from the French Admiral.

## On Board the Louviers, Aug. 11.

The bombardment of Sweaborg by the Allied squadron has been attended with success. An immense conflagration, lasting 45 hours, has destroyed nearly all the storehouses and magazines of the Arsenal, which is a complete ruin. Various powder magazines and stores of projectiles blew up. The enemy has received a terrible blow and suffered an enormous loss. Our loss is insignificant in men and none whatever in material. The news are enthusiastic. PENAUD.

The dispatch of Admiral Dundas is less highly colored, and is as follows:

Off SWARBORG, Aug. 11.—Sweaborg was attacked by the mortar and gun-boats of the allied squadron on the morning of the 9th. The firing ceased early in a few hours nearly all the principal buildings on Vargo, and many more on Swart, including those of the dock yard and arsenal, were buried. Few casualties have occurred, and no lives lost in the Allied fleet.

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It will be observed that in the above no mention has been made of the Russian ships.

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